

COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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Columbia Library Columns

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ROBERT FROST AND MARK VAN DOREN

The two poets chatting outside Mr. Frost's cabin at Ripton, Vermont.



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Recollections of Robert Frost

MARK VAN DOREN

MY FIRST meeting with Robert Frost must have been more than forty years ago, for it preceded the publication of his volume of verse *New Hampshire* (1923), one poem in which he had just been writing. My brother Carl, who never missed an opportunity to do me good, had taken me to lunch with Frost, I do not remember where or on what day; and Frost told both of us about this poem, "The Star-Splitter," in which a man burns down his house and uses the insurance to buy a telescope with which to see the stars. I was not aware then of how much the stars meant to Frost himself: they were to be one of his lifelong preoccupations, and were to become the most powerful theme perhaps in all his poetry.

At the moment I was more interested in something he said about the way he wrote a poem, or rather, got ready to write it. No notes, he insisted, nothing written down—oh, maybe a single word on a small piece of paper, but even that should somehow get displaced. It was only by writing the poem, slowly or swiftly as the case might be, that he could discover what its subject was. Not that he liked the word "subject" either. No, it was more like "something on the chest that had to be got off," something undefined till the poem was there to define it. If a prose note could have done this for him, a prose note would have been enough.

Prose, however, did not suffice. There had to be a poem to tell him what he felt. And to tell others, if they cared to know.

Which last reminds me that until his dying day, Frost refused to say what any of his poems meant. "It means what it says," he declared, and of course this was the proper—as it is the classic—answer to that question which ought never to be asked—even by schoolteachers, and indeed least of all by them. But here was Frost saying in 1963 what he had said before 1923; he was all one piece, he was consistent throughout. His great themes occur and re-occur, and possibly they are all but aspects of a single theme with which he was possessed from the start, though it will never be easy to say what that was. Something, however, to do with the difficulty of knowing. He wanted to know, and he found it hard. The desire made him serious, the difficulty made him humorous, as two couplets, written years apart, compendiously attest:

*We dance round in a ring and suppose,
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.*

*Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on Thee
And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me.*

My next memory of him dates from the time preceding the publication of *West-running Brook* (1928), several poems out of which he sent to me at *The Nation*, where I was literary editor, saying that I could print them if I liked. Of course I printed them all, after some charming correspondence about changes he wished to make; he was never done with a poem, he said, until it was beyond recall. It was perhaps during the same year that he wrote me in another connection, this time quite sharply. I was compiling *An Anthology of World Poetry*, and I had asked him, he thought, for too few of his poems. My choice, if I remember his words, was slighting and perfunctory; and he suggested that we both forget the whole thing. My letter explaining the grand scale on which the volume was conceived, a scale precluding the use of

many poems by any contemporary American, was answered at once by a very sweet one from him in which he nobly took everything back. I had asked him for further poems, acknowledging after all the justice of his complaint, but this was not his point at the moment. "Treat me well," he wrote, "and you'll be expected to treat me better." So we ended on good terms with each other, and those same terms persisted till his death.

Their very persistence could trouble me sometimes. He did me many favors—for example, he recommended me to his own publisher—and he often expressed regard for me behind my back, knowing doubtless that word of this would reach me, as it invariably did. Why then did I not seek him out more often than I did? For although I loved and respected no living writer more than I did him, I still did not follow him about. Not that he wanted to be followed about, but he noticed something special in my case; and one evening when I sat next to him in the apartment of Joseph Blumenthal, the printer whose work he valued before that of all others, he suddenly leaned over and asked me: "Why don't we see each other oftener?" I decided then and there to speak the truth. "It's quite simple," I grinned and said: "I'm afraid." "Afraid of what?" Of course he knew, but I told him anyway. "Why, of being found out. Of learning that your illusions about me, such as they are, have suddenly been shattered by something I said or did. So I say and do as little as I can. I merely write about you and review you from a distance." He leaned over again, this time far enough so that he could tap my knee. "Now, now! Nobody's ever found out. There's nothing to that." There was plenty to it, though, and thirty years earlier he had said so in his poem "Revelation":

*But oh, the agitated heart
Till someone really find us out.*

The heart, that fine poem says, both does and does not want to be revealed. And only now was this fully clear to me.

I did see Frost on many occasions; or failing that, messages went back and forth between us. He knew my opinion of his poetry, for I stated it in articles and reviews, preferring, as I had said to him, the public to the private way of letting him know. Face to face, we said remarkably little about his work. "Is it holding up?" he might suddenly ask me. "It certainly is," might be all that I would answer; and the understatement satisfied him. He always pretended not to have read what was written about him. This fooled nobody, though once it almost fooled me. In 1949, after my review of his *Complete Poems* had appeared in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, I was sitting at dinner with him and others at the Bread Loaf Inn, Vermont. I hoped he had read this particular piece, but concluded otherwise when someone asked him if he had and he seemed to mutter No. I appealed to Mrs. Morrison, next to me, realizing that she knew if anybody did, and was astonished to hear her whisper: "He knows it by heart." The review, let me say here, had taken for its text the whole of "Revelation." Both of us again had been found out.

My last meeting with Frost was in May of 1962, when I spent two days with him at his cabin up the hill from Mrs. Morrison's house in Vermont. A motion picture about him was under way, and I had been asked to talk with him before the cameras. (My wife and I, visitors there two summers earlier, had of course enjoyed our afternoon without benefit of technicians.) Even with the technicians on this occasion, the time passed easily, and we talked of many things. I wish now that I could remember every word. Come to think of it, I did see him once after this, at the Poetry Festival in Washington during October, 1962. But then he was usually in a crowd, and I did not push forward. Nor could I stay for the evening performance when he remarked, in an interval between two poems he was reading: "Poetry and politics? They're not quite the same. Poetry is about the grief, politics about the grievances." I suppose he never said anything better than that.

An American in Florence Meets the Brownings, 1854-1855

LEWIS LEARY

THROUGH the autumn of 1854 into the summer of 1855, Elizabeth Dodge Kinney kept a diary of her experiences in Florence,¹ where she lived with her husband, the Hon. William Burnett Kinney, who was attached to the American diplomatic service. New England born and the mother by a former marriage of grown sons, one of whom was Edmund Clarence Stedman, she was something of a bluestocking as well and was proud of the friends she made in Italy. Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, lived just across the street, and Mrs. Frances Trollope and her son were neighbors, as were the two brothers of Alfred Tennyson who were strange people, she thought, withdrawn and aesthetic, very much unlike the fun-loving, food-loving, popular Charles Lever who attended so many parties that it seemed impossible he should write as much as he did. But more than any of the rest, she admired the Brownings, whose Casa Guidi was only a few squares away from her own Casa del Bella on Via Serragli.

Mrs. Browning was her favorite, though she seemed "the most fragile-looking of human beings," so wan and ill and in such constant pain. At one time Mrs. Kinney reported that her neighbor was recently much improved through taking cod liver oil, and was "really getting fat on it." At another time she was less san-

¹ This journal and many of the letters which Mrs. Kinney at this time wrote to her family in America are in the Edmund Clarence Stedman Collection in the Columbia University Libraries. Some of the material in the present account of her observation appeared in a somewhat different form as "A Gossip from Florence: 1855" in *Festschrift für Walther Fischer*, Heidelberg, C. Winter, 1959.



MRS. ELIZABETH KINNEY

A portrait by T. Buchanan Read.

guine: "Poor Mrs. Browning, I learn is very much worse than usual this winter, has a dreadful cough and cannot leave her room. She never goes out in the winter; but this severe cold has reached her indoors, and I much fear the consequences." She was surprised and a little shocked, but was thrilled also by Mr. Browning's attitude, for he "strangely enough, will never allow that she is ill; but now he must see and feel it. She is the frailest-looking of mortals, and I only wonder that she has lived so long."

As something of a poet herself, Mrs. Kinney was especially proud to record literary confidences which she shared with Mrs. Browning: "For the past year she has been engaged on a long poem (*Aurora Leigh*), and she told me the other day that none could read the manuscript it was so illegible: so should she be taken away, the four thousand lines she has already written on her poem would be lost. God preserve her." She was gratified to have Mrs. Browning tell her that in composing poems "it is with her as with me—that nothing takes shape in her brain till she is ready to transfer it to paper." With Mr. Browning it was quite the other way. He "not only conceives, but carries the thought within him till it is formed and ripened; and he says that Shelley composed his whole Tragedy and produced it at once finished from his brain. Perhaps," she continued, "this is the reason why so many of this most spiritual of poets productions are vague and shadowy."

Though his ailing wife could often speak "scarcely above a whisper," Mr. Browning talked "enough and *well* enough for both." In fact, Mrs. Kinney thought him "a better conversationalist . . . than poet." His repertoire seemed inexhaustible; he rambled on incessantly. She admired him as a "wonderful man" of "intellectual resources, profound learning, tenacious memory, and fond of anecdote. For everything that occurs in the course of conversation, he has a quotation to apply or an illustrative illustration to tell." And "yet to look at him, none would suppose that he was either poet or humorist."

She described him carefully as "small, with a head that seems overgrown for his body, and set right on his shoulders." His "profusion of coarse waving black hair, sprinkled with grey, hides entirely from its length what a neck he has." His eyes were grey and expressive, "his beard nearly grey, his features ordinary, yet his mouth sometimes indicates humor, which he possesses, sometimes satire, and he has enough of this too—too much for keeping friends." Impulsive in manner, "his movements perpetual and wirey as a cricket's," he seemed to her "all in all, a very amusing man," talkative to a fault, but, like his wife "*learned* in the highest sense of the word," and utterly charming.

His poetry however seemed to her unnecessarily "obscure, metaphysical, studied, full of affectations." He seemed to take pleasure in purposely making it so: "He studies, *labors* on all he writes—not to *polish*, but to *roughen* it! His *condensation*—as some call it—would be wonderful, if it were *condensation*; but it really is failing purposely to fill up; his is the *dot and line* plan of writing—trying to give more force of expression—as painters do sometimes in sketches—without coloring." Mrs. Kinney talked with him one day about a young poet whose verses "seemed mostly to have been modeled on Browning's *Sordello*—that story in a mist—that enigmatical poem which none save himself has ever pretended to understand!" When Browning attacked the young man's lines as "grotesque, obscure, and full of odd conceits," Mrs. Kinney wanted, she said, to "ask him if he felt proud to be the leader of such a school of poets." She was too timid to dare the question, but she did hope that he might finally see for himself "the ill effects of his own quaint and unintelligible writings." She confided to her son that she thought the drama was really Mr. Browning's "only poetic path," for "when he wanders from the stage," she said, "he is sure to fall into tangled marshes. His '*Sordello*' is a literary puzzle, as I told him, and ought to be presented among the '*Curiosities of Literature*.' "

Mrs. Browning was beyond doubt his superior: "indeed," said

Mrs. Kinney, "I think her the first of living female poets." Even Alfred Tennyson "must hide his diminished head" beside her, particularly now when he had forsaken his calling "to go off in *spasmodics*" as in "Maud" or into "crazy puerilities" as in "The Princess." And "she is as good, too, as she is great; never speaks ill of anyone, and is kind, gentle, conciliating with all." Not only did her lines come to her in quick flashes, as Mrs. Kinney's did; she never stooped to roughen the melodies which sprang from her heart. As "true a woman as she was a poet," sincere and sympathetic and musical, how different in temperament was she, and in temper also, from her husband who was "impulsive, often abusive in speaking of others, and unsparing in his ridicule and contempt of many whom the world calls poets."

Once he let his anger fall on Mrs. Kinney, and quite undeservedly, she thought. Some months before, an indiscriminating American traveler in Italy had written an article for Nathaniel P. Willis's New York *Home Journal* which had described Mrs. Browning as "an old moth—a crooked, dried up old woman, with a horrible mouth." Mrs. Kinney had immediately risen loyally to the defense of her friend in a letter which was printed in the Newark *Daily News*, a paper which was edited by some of Mr. Kinney's relatives and to which she often sent accounts of her experience abroad. "What 'lack of second sight' indeed must those have," she had written,

who see only in Mrs. Browning the frail form, shattered by disease, on which the strong workings of genius, and beatings of a true woman's heart have left deep traces in advance of time; or who cannot see in her eyes—that fitting outlet of her large and comely soul—the beamings of a moral beauty as far surpassing mere superficial charms, as the beauty of her heavenly countenance will surpass that of lesser angels . . . whose puny sneer dared ridicule the bodily disguise of one who walked "humbly and softly" on earth, though in reality head and shoulders above all queenly women; whose physical voice was too feeble a medium for the prophet-tone of a

spirit which found only utterance through her pen, and echo in truest bosoms.

Mrs. Kinney copied carefully into her journal what she had written of the beauties of spirit which inhabited the frail body of her friend, but even her praise did not please the irascible loyalties of Robert Browning. Frail form, indeed! He sent Mrs. Kinney a strong rejoinder, "expressive of displeasure" because she had failed to describe his wife as unequivocally "beautiful in person": "for this he could not," she explained, "forgive me." To him, Mrs. Browning had no defect: "I won't concede for a moment," he wrote, "on account of any counter balance of mental qualifications that my wife may have, that '*her form is shattered by disease.*' . . . I see well enough yet—as Benedick says—without spectacles, and yet see nothing of the matter." Not long afterwards, Mrs. Browning, however, "made apology to me for his ill-humor," said Mrs. Kinney, "and thanked me herself with feeling."

But sometimes it was difficult for her to understand even Mrs. Browning. The conversation at tea one afternoon turned to George Sand, "whom Mr. Browning said he had the pleasure of seeing recently when she passed through Florence *en route* for Venice." Their conversation on the subject, as Mrs. Kinney reported it, is reproduced complete:

"And I kissed her beautiful hand," added he, with the satisfaction of one who deemed himself thereby honored.

"Pray, who is her lover now?" enquired I.

"I can't say," he replied, "since she has a new one every day."

"What!" I exclaimed, "is she so bad as that? I supposed she had never loved but one—certainly but one at a time."

"One? good heavens! Their name is legion. Put three ciphers to your one and that will not include the sum total of her loves."

"And *you* kiss the hand of such a person—Robert Browning does this?"

"Yes, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning does the same, in respect to one of the greatest geniuses God ever made!" This he said with an air of surprise that I should question the act.



GEORGE SAND

Pastel portrait attributed to Courtois.

"Well, well," I rejoined, "the greater the genius, the greater the shame of yielding that body, which should be sacred as a temple for the consecrated mind, to the 'lust of the flesh': to me George Sand is the worst of women."

"Don't say that!" exclaimed Mrs. Browning, as if my lips had spoken a blasphemy. "She is not a *bad* woman, but on the contrary, a good and charitable one."

"Then what your husband has just said of her is not true," I said.

"If it be true," she answered, "it is only because she has fallen under the dominion of a sensual appetite, which she cannot control; but it is no more than gluttony, or intemperance: I pity her more than I blame her for it. Her *mind* is none the less *godlike*."

"A sigh was all that could for the moment escape me," said Mrs. Kinney, who must have remembered things which Emerson had written about the necessity of greatness and goodness combined, "so swollen was my heart with indignation, that Mrs. Browning—the truest, the purest of women—could so speak. When I recovered myself, I said freely that I could make no such abstraction of mind, as to separate it from the *morals* of the individual possessing it; at least in this case where the whole heart and mind must be alike depraved and polluted with the body: that a licentious appetite was not to be compared with other sensual appetites affecting merely the taste; that no one could be in act lascivious without having also a lascivious mind. This led to a long and warm discussion. I insisted that if George Sand had been led astray by misplaced affection, having had, as it is said, a husband uncongenial, *love*, even though unlawful, would have somewhat excused, if it did not sanctify an unhallowed intercourse."

"Love!" they both exclaimed at once. "She never loved anyone but herself."

"Horrible!" was my reply, to which I added that had she pursued this vile course for bread, again there might have been some palliation for her crime, or even were the appetite which caused them love of gain, it were less bestial.

"No! No!" rejoined Mrs. Browning. "There's Rachel, the *tragedienne*. I would not visit her, for she leads a dissolute life . . . for gain."

I persisted that the other was the most debasing lust, and that had George Sand the genius of the Archangel, to me she was but the more the *monster*.

"The result was," Mrs. Kinney concluded, "that our discussion left each party fully persuaded in its own mind; but as for me, I could not sleep on retiring for the night, so dreadful does it seem for one whom God has given power to be superhuman, to become brutal through the most polluting of sensual passions, and that this should be a woman too, seemed to me a shame to her whole sex."

Most meetings with the Brownings seemed, however, to have been marred neither by argument nor loyal anger. Sometimes they were idyllic meetings, like that evening when the four of them, the Kinneys and the Brownings, sat together "in the enchanted gardens of Pratolino, the summer villa of Francesco of Tuscany, where he idled the rosy hours of love with his beautiful mistress (afterwards wife) Bianca Capello." It was just the proper romantic setting for the story of the Browning's courtship and marriage, as Robert Browning told it to them then: how he "had fallen in love with Miss Barrett's poems and wrote requesting an introduction," how she at first refused because "she had scarce ever seen the face of a man, and, like Miranda, knew by sight only her father, having been always confined to the sofa, a desperate invalid," but how "she resented the offer, which seemed to mock her helpless state. So he left under her frown; but sent back his poems and a letter; while she read and mused the fire burned! She believed him true and again received him." But their troubles, as everyone knows, were not over. "He asked



Casa Guidi, the home of the Brownings in Florence.

her father's consent and was peremptorily refused," but he received her consent which was enough, "took her in his arms, put her into a carriage, carried her to the parson, and the poets' love-knot was tied. Till then he had not known she could stand on her feet." The marriage over, "he bore her as tenderly as one would an infant—to Italy, where *love* and milder airs revived at once her drooping frame." Don't whisper this to a soul, Mrs. Kinney cautioned as she relayed the tale to her son in America: it was told to us in confidence, "for the Brownings dread getting their private affairs in newspapers."

She was sorry for their son, a frail and beautiful, "fine poetic boy," who was often ill, and she wondered whether fragile parents had a right to transmit illness to their offspring. But of the Brownings she had no doubts. They represented to her "the two extremes which meet harmoniously . . . to *him* she lacks nothing of youth, beauty, or genius; yet she is half Swedenborgian and believes in 'the spirits'; he, a Presbyterian . . . protests them a humbug. They have spirited discussions, but they 'love one another' in the true sense."

Mrs. Browning's whole "life is *love*," thought Mrs. Kinney, and because of his devotion to his invalid wife, "the world owes much to Robert Browning besides what is due for his own poems." How beautiful it seemed, she wrote, "to see a pair, both endowed with genius—like Elizabeth and Robert Browning—supporting and consoling each other through their mutual gifts and affections; especially when—as in their case—the inspired wife is still guided by the strong husband."

An American Art Student in Paris, 1877-1882

ALLYN COX

The author, a successful mural painter himself, writes of the student days in Paris (1877-82) of his father, Kenyon Cox, as revealed in the collection of the latter's papers which was recently presented to the Columbia Libraries. Allyn Cox was the donor.

After his return to the United States, Kenyon Cox (1856-1919) produced portraits, murals, and other art works, of which some are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Library of Congress, and the Minnesota State Capitol.

EDITOR'S NOTE

IN October 1877, my father, Kenyon Cox, sailed from New York to study painting in Paris. A very tall, thin youth, he was twenty-one but he looked younger. His childish appearance may have betrayed how unevenly he was prepared for what he intended to do there. It must at the same time have concealed a strong will to see and to learn. He had badgered his parents, written them, argued the matter over and over. Finally he had persuaded them that the advantages they had been able to give him at home in Ohio or even in the more cosmopolitan Philadelphia were not enough for the training of an artist, as he understood it.

"An artist must see the world," he wrote to his father in February, 1876. "His business is to paint what he loves most, and how can he find it without seeing what there is to paint. Here in Cincinnati one can at best see some Dutchman's head, never even a nude figure, and how much of the world of beauty is in the



KENYON COX

He drew this self-portrait in a letter to his mother dated July 2, 1878.

figure . . . When Spring comes, can't you manage that I may travel and see something.

"I want to see Europe . . ."

It is hard for us, in these days of art courses and universally available reproductions to realize how much he had not seen. There were plenty of books in his father's library. He had spent much of a rather sickly childhood reading "all the best authors," but with no pictures. Even Ruskin, piously studied, was there in a pirated American edition without the plates. The only pretensions to "high art" in the houses he knew were lifeless steel engravings, mostly after Raphael. The native American genre and landscape painters of the time had not much penetrated to that part of the country and he would have scorned their lack of technical mastery.

He had drawn laboriously from plaster casts in the McMicken school of art in Cincinnati, run on antiquated lines. He had heard exciting rumors of new trends in European art from the recently returned Duveneck and had sketched furiously everything around him, figures, the faces of himself and his friends, animals, still life, landscapes. He had only recently seen for himself a few foreign and dazzlingly brilliant pictures at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. His father, the General,* had allowed him a year at the Pennsylvania Academy, as a sort of compromise between study in Cincinnati and the pitfalls of Europe. One could draw from the nude there, though the one available female model always posed in a black mask. Amusing studies of her rather weather-beaten form were left by Eakins, and others of his fellow students, as well as by my father.

By that time young Cox could draw quite well. He had painted

* Jacob Dolson Cox, 1828-1900. He was a general in the Union Army during the Civil War and subsequently wrote authoritative works on the military operations. He was Governor of Ohio (1866-67), Secretary of the Interior (1869-70), and President of the University of Cincinnati (1885-89).

pictures, none of which, perhaps fortunately, survive. But he was determined, as were most of his contemporaries, to go to Europe to get the superior skill of execution that was only to be had there. Most of the letters in Part II of the Kenyon Cox Collection were written to his parents, describing how he got it. The one year allowed him grew to five, as he gradually found out how far he had to go, and was able to persuade his father.

Those were still the days when an artist, to be recognized at all in Europe, must have perfect command of a highly developed and elaborate technique, of which Paris was the fountain-head. Ingres had died only eleven years before; his ideal of the "Probity of Art" was still very much alive and enforced in all its strenuous purity at the *École des Beaux-Arts*. The newer influences of Courbet and Manet were beginning to be felt, too, and there was much talk of Bastien-Lepage and Carolus Duran, tremendous executants. Puvis de Chavannes was creating his gray but solid idylls.

Cox was only one of many young Americans from refined but provincial homes who crossed the ocean to rush into this highly competitive art world of Paris and in a few years hold their own with the best of the natives. In the 'eighties "les Américains" were talked of as the most accomplished students, ahead of all the other foreign groups.

It is interesting to look at this great achievement, keeping in mind the days of hard work which it must have cost, and then at that classic picture of care-free student life in Paris we all have in our minds, compounded of the "Vie de Bohème," *Trilby*, and the more recent memory of the café-sitting Americans of the 'twenties. In those early days they did sit at cafés, too, partly as a refuge from cold and candle-lit bedrooms. They strolled in the Luxembourg gardens or listened to the "golden voice of the divine Sarah"—or even, as my father did, went to the first performance of Berlioz's "Requiem." Their parents worried about their colds,

the loose morals of their foreign friends, and the danger of falling in love with the models. Reassurances came, perhaps almost too glibly to be completely convincing.

“Paris, December 1st, 1878

I am writing in a café to-night because my lamp chimney is broken and there is no place open to get another. It is horribly cold and dreary and drizzling outside, and I am glad to get where it is light and warm and write to you.”

“Paris, January 29, 1880

Don’t bother about the influence over me of the French or Spanish students I meet. It is necessary to know them and it is best to be on friendly terms with them, but their ideas of life and mine are different, and will remain so, . . . [although] I have seen enough to know that all men of whom you would disapprove are not altogether bad . . .” (*Letter his mother*)

The museums were important, too. In the first summer, with Theodore Robinson, a slightly more experienced student, he sketched for some weeks in Venice, and visited Florence, where the Quattrocento burst on his view. From the height of our familiarity with the fifteenth century, it is amusing to read:

“October 23, 1878

I have taken a very great fancy to an odd old painter called Sandro Botticelli. Have you ever heard of him? To me his pictures are altogether delightful in their quaint sweet feeling. And in spite of the slight flatness of his pictures, the unnaturalness of his backgrounds, and the thinness of his figures with their feet not properly foreshortened, it is astonishing the amount of solid, hard-earned knowledge of nature and power of draughtsmanship that he has. If the English Pre-Raphaelites would really do something like this!”

Back in Paris there had been explorations in the Louvre. He had made sketches of the Victory of Samothrace, then still without the balancing upper body and wings, a rush of unimpeded

motion of legs and flying folds. He had a love affair, overflowing into verse, with the "Florentine" marble "Femme Inconnue," which is now assumed to be a portrait of Queen Joan of Naples by Francesco da Laurana.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art

Gift of Friends of the sculptor, 1908

Kenyon Cox's portrait of Augustus Saint Gaudens in the latter's studio.

But all the time, and every day, he drew and painted the tired models in the dim light of the school, learning to see nature simply, to preserve the "demi-teinte générale" of his first master, Carolus Duran, and, above all, never to violate the sacred principle of "les valeurs"—the giving to each mass the exact degree of light or dark proper to it. We are told that some of the studies he made then, hung, as outstanding examples of student work, on the walls of the *École des Beaux-Arts* for many years after he came home.

The student gradually grew up in this new life and language.

As his ideas became more complex, and more foreign to his parents' experience, the need to write fully gradually slackened. He was sending pictures to the Salon, and earning part of his keep by working as assistant to a well-known French painter. His letters sometimes take on a tone almost of condescension, as he gives the older generation his views on Bastien-Lepage, by whom he was not impressed personally, but whose "Joan of Arc" he saw in the studio.

"Perfect mastery of form and color to a degree that I think no other painter ancient or modern has approached. How comes that vulgar little man to paint so?"

About an older American painter living in Paris, he wrote (Paris, July 1881): "But if I see no really good qualities in a man's work, as I cannot in Mr. Healy's¹ how am I to learn from him? I do not 'condemn' his work, but I do not admire it."

It may be noted, by the way, that he would not have agreed entirely with either of these statements in later years.

One can see an interesting parallel to the Cox letters in those of his friend Alden Weir, who wrote from Paris to the home-trained painters, his father and brother. In Weir's case the same sort of opinions are expressed, put in language which reads like a direct translation from the French studio jargon of the day.²

Kenyon Cox was almost ready to come home to be an American artist. Making his way in New York was a very different sort of struggle, and is much less fully described in these papers. The going was hard, but he would always be able to rely on the firm foundation of French academic training at its most intensive, to have a first-hand knowledge of European art, of French books and plays, and a memory of a country where perfecting oneself in the technique of painting was more important than anything else in life.

¹ George Peter Alexander Healy, 1813-1894.

² Dorothy Weir Young: *The Life and Letters of J. Alden Weir*. New Haven, Yale University Press, 1960.

Sarah Hamlin's Letter about the Assassination of Lincoln

H. DRAPER HUNT

ON THE evening of April 14, 1865, a young girl sat in the third row of Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C., and was a horrified eyewitness to Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Her vivid account of what she saw that night is published here for the first time.

Sarah Jane Hamlin was no ordinary young woman. A handsome and vivacious girl of twenty-three, she was the only daughter of the man who, until the month before, had been Lincoln's Vice-President. Her father, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, one of the more distinguished statesmen of the Civil War era, has of necessity been largely neglected by historians, mainly owing to scarcity of materials. Recently, however, a large corpus of Hamlin papers has been lent to the Columbia Libraries' Department of Special Collections, where they have with permission been microfilmed.

The tall, stout figure of this gentleman from Maine, unhampered by an overcoat even in the coldest weather, was a familiar sight on the streets of Washington during the period 1843-1881. Hamlin served his State and nation as Congressman, United States Senator, Vice-President of the United States and Minister to Spain. A Jacksonian Democrat during his earlier political career and a prominent anti-slavery man, he broke with his party over the issue of slavery in the territories in a dramatic speech on the floor of the U. S. Senate in June, 1856. He immediately became a convert to the infant Republican party and was its successful Vice-Presidential standard-bearer in 1860. Re-elected

to the U. S. Senate in 1869, he served until 1881, when he was appointed Minister to Spain by President James A. Garfield.

The most exciting discovery in the Hamlin papers was the eyewitness account of Lincoln's assassination. The theater party,



EYEWITNESSES OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

Three of the four members of the party which went to Ford's Theater together were (*left to right*) Mrs. Sarah Jane Hamlin Batchelder; her brother, General Charles Hamlin; and Mrs. Charles Hamlin ("Sallie"). No picture is available of George Batchelder.

undoubtedly elated at Lee's surrender to Grant five days before, consisted of Sarah Jane Hamlin Batchelder; her husband, George Batchelder; her brother, General Charles Hamlin; and his wife, Sarah ("Sallie"). The letter was written to Sarah's step-mother, Ellen Vesta Emery Hamlin, while the girl was still filled with the horror of what she had seen only a few hours before:

Washington April 15th [1865]

My dear Mother—

I want to write you a little but I am so bewildered, nervous & excited that my ideas will undoubtedly be very much confused—

Just twenty four hours ago, Charlie Sallie, Geo & myself started for Ford's Theatre and two hours later, before all that fearful deed

was committed—I can give you no description it cannot be described I wish I might see you I could tell you better than write the impression left on my mind—Mr. Lincoln was sitting back in the box where he could not be seen by the audience and just as the actors were leaving the stage and the scenes slid back the report of a pistol was heard, no flash seen so although the direction was nearly known everything was done so quickly the audience was completely paralyzed [sic] & presence of mind was wanting everywhere, what aroused all & *the first* way it was announced to them all was the murderer crying out as he fairly reached the stage (having jumped from the box), “Sic Semper Tyrannis” & then something about the South which was not clearly heard by anyone but was in substance, like this, Thus have I saved the South—Never shall I forget the chill passing over me as I saw him jumping & the dagger glimmering in his hand which he raised in the most triumphant manner as he strode across the stage, in a real theatrical manner As he was crossing the crowd awoke & cries of seize him, catch him etc where [sic] heard, then a scream from Mrs Lincoln which was her first—he was too quick & wass [sic] off in a trice, but the crowd thinking he was certainly caught behind the scenes cried Lynch him, hang him on the stage etc all felt & knew it must be someone well acquainted with the Theatre as he so well seemed to know the exits—The man had no sooner gone out of sight—than the exclamation all around was who could it have been, Geo said to me then, it is a man who boards at the National was there when we were there & *who looks just like Wilkes Booth*—he did not however know it was really he, but a few hours & it seemed beyond doubt it was indeed—It certainly was the coolest, most cold blooded deed ever heard, read or dreamed of—it has entirely unnerved me My own shadow last night would have startled me & today I feel all the time as if some other horrible crime was to happen & the scene of last night is in my eyes if I attempt to sleep or am awake—None of us went to bed till five o’clock this morning Sallie & I were left together to talk & think all over while Charlie & Geo went out to find out all possible, Geo came home about five and Charlie was at the Adjutant Genl Office till seven—Sallie & I did not know of other trouble than what we saw till they (Geo & C) brought us the facts—This is terrible, awful horrible, nothing can describe intense feeling of fear & dread of

more to come and none can judge in the least degree its depth save those who witnessed the horrible scenes—

I feel as if I should fly—There is a rumor Booth is caught tonight it is not known if it is true—God grant it is—I am so impatient for time to pass & it seems to drag so slowly I am too uneasy to write, you will get a much better account of all than I could ever give that it is folly for me to attempt so hard a thing & my attempts are but feeble—

Give love to Helen—Much love for your own dear self & a kiss for Hannie & Frankie.

From Sallie

P.S. I'll send a Chronicle which has a good account—At the Theatre we sat in the chairs in the third row from the stage & directly in front—so we were where we saw everything—I've just been talking with Charlie & he says he thinks Father ought to come on, that he has been telegraphed to & hopes he will certainly come—

* * *

My interest in Hannibal Hamlin, Sarah's father, stems from my history honors thesis written at Harvard College in 1957 concerning the role of President Lincoln in Vice-President Hamlin's failure to achieve renomination at the Union party convention in 1864. At that time, Miss Louise Hamlin of New York City and Hancock Point, Maine, Hannibal Hamlin's great-granddaughter, had been very helpful, and it was only natural that I should turn to her again in 1960 when I decided to do a full-scale biography of him as my Ph.D. dissertation at Columbia.

In ascertaining the extent of existing Hannibal Hamlin papers, I learned that Miss Hamlin had deposited with the Maine Historical Society, Portland, a collection of approximately 1000 items, mainly letters of a political nature written to him. Moreover, she had in her immediate possession some 500 Hamlin papers of a more personal nature, including a large and interesting body of letters which he wrote to his second wife, Ellen Vesta Emery Hamlin. My mentor at Columbia, Professor Eric L. McKittrick, became interested in a project for having Columbia's Special Collections Department microfilm all of the Hamlin papers,



VICE PRESIDENT HANNIBAL HAMLIN

thereby adding significantly to the University's growing collection of microfilms of the papers of American statesmen. Miss Hamlin generously consented to having the Maine Historical Society collection of Hamlin papers temporarily deposited in Special Collections for this purpose. She also deposited the personal letters for microfilming.

I brought the political papers down from Portland and, in August, 1962, catalogued that collection, together with the personal letters. The task of microfilming the papers was completed early this year. The Hamlin papers themselves are to reside permanently at the University of Maine, but the microfilm negative will remain at Columbia, and prints of it will be made available to other universities, libraries, and historical societies.

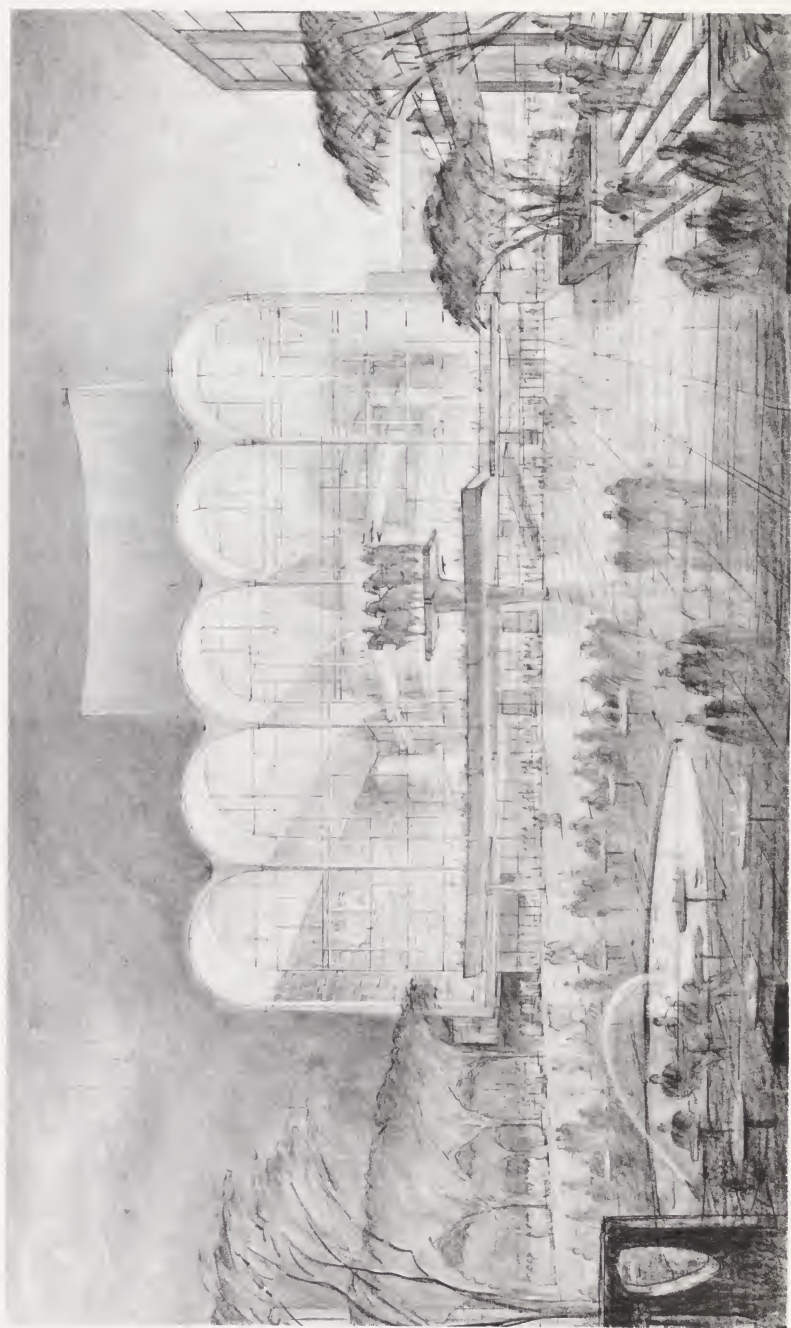
Our Growing Collections

ROLAND BAUGHMAN

Barzun gift. Dean Jacques Barzun (A.B., 1927; Ph.D., 1932) has made generous and important additions to the collections he has established in Special Collections and Columbiana. Of particular note are nearly fifty items for inclusion in the Hector Berlioz Collection—recordings of Berlioz compositions, scores, books, programs, notes, and pictures. The Barzun Collection of Modern Poetry, Fiction, and Criticism has been enriched by another fifty items, many of them inscribed by the authors. Fifteen items are destined for Columbiana, including the B.A. diploma received by Charles Bancroft on October 6, 1840. For the Barzun Papers, seven boxes of correspondence and related items were received, in addition to two boxes on the subject of Berlioz.

Nor should we overlook mention of three rare and desirable printed books: the anonymous *Conversations d'Emilie*, Lyon, 1802, in two volumes; Edward, Earl of Clarendon's *History of the rebellion*, Oxford, 1702-4, in three magnificent folio volumes; and William Cowper's *The diverting history of John Gilpin*, London, 1828, with six illustrations by George Cruikshank.

Bunkazai Hogo linkai gift. Through the generosity of the National Committee for the Protection of Important Cultural Properties (Bunkazai Hogo linkai), the East Asian Library has received a collection of 149 items dealing with the repair and reconstruction of shrine, temple, and other historical buildings in Japan. In addition to a detailed textual study, each work contains a profusion of illustrations and plans, and serves as excellent source material for students of architecture and art history. Because each item was issued locally by the committee in charge of repairs, an extensive collection of these works is extremely



Hugh Ferriss's architectural drawing of the Opera House at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

difficult to assemble; thus the gift represents a valuable addition to the library holdings.

Cahn gift. Mr. Joshua B. Cahn (L.L.B., 1938) has presented 25 volumes of periodicals to the Law Library.

English Department gift. The search of the official correspondence files of the English Department has brought to light nine letters to, from, and about Joseph Wood Krutch. Among them are letters from John Erskine, Elmer Adler, and Oswald Garrison Villard. These have now joined the earlier gift of similar correspondence that has been presented to Special Collections by the English Department (see *Library Columns*, February, 1963).

Ferriss gift. Mrs. Hugh Ferriss has presented to the Avery Library a collection of 250 original drawings, including finished renderings and preliminary sketches, prepared by her husband, Hugh Ferriss (1889-1962), who was famous for his accomplished and bold renderings. The collection includes some of his most important recent building commissions, among which are the United Nations buildings, the Franklin D. Roosevelt memorial in Washington, and the Rockefeller Center expansion.

Forman gift. Dr. Sidney Forman (M.A., 1938; Ph.D., 1949; M.S., 1959) has presented a fine copy of the *Epitome Theatri Orbis Terrarum* of Abraham Ortelius, Antwerp, 1591. The work is a considerable rarity in itself, but this exemplar is particularly pleasing, for it is in its original stamped vellum binding with an armorial medallion dated "Michael Vogeles . . . 1597," and it contains copious manuscript notes, quite possibly placed there by that gentleman.

Friedman gift. Mr. Harry G. Friedman (Ph.D., 1908) reveals his wide taste in collecting through his most recent gift to Special

Collections. In addition to thirteen color-plate books—mainly juvenilia from the 1890's to the 1930's, and including works by Edmund Dulac, Willy Pogany, and Arthur Rackham—he has presented a round dozen manuscript indentures dating from 1807 to 1875. The indentures are English and are principally land leases, and each is carefully engrossed on one or more large sheets of vellum.

Halsband gift. Mr. Robert Halsband (M.A., 1936) has presented a collection of fourteen scarce English works of the 18th century. Included are four items by Robert Lloyd, who was the subject of Mr. Halsband's Master's Essay.

Hibbitt gift. Professor George W. Hibbitt (Ph.D., 1949), recently retired, has presented a substantial selection of books from his library, numbering some 325 pieces. Among these are several highly important works which are destined for Special Collections. Particular notice should be paid to eight English items of the 17th century (including Samuel Daniel's *Vision of the twelve goddesses*, 1623), six English plays of the 18th century, and six 19th and 20th century publications, of which a fine copy of the first issue of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*, 1893, is most notable.

Jessop gift. Mrs. Arthur Jessop has presented a useful selection of works in art, architecture, furniture, and decoration, numbering 64 items.

Jones gift. Professor H. W. Jones has presented twenty-six works to the Law Library.

Karatsu and Kannonji City Offices gifts. The City Offices of Karatsu in Kyushu and Kannonji in Shikoku have each presented to the East Asian Library the recently published histories of their respective cities. Studies in local history are carried on exten-

sively in Japan, but published works are distributed privately and are therefore difficult to obtain through commercial channels. For this reason, as well as for their content, gifts of this kind are especially welcome.

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) has presented seventeen items for inclusion in the Columbiana book collection, representing his own writings on subjects discussed in his Columbia lectures—Santayana, John Dewey, the philosophy of humanism, and the like.

Ledar gift. Mr. Lawrence Ledar has presented two items relating to the Class of 1890, for inclusion in Columbiana. One is the diploma of Henry Montefiore Powell (A.B., 1890), and the other is a group photograph of the class.

Leonard gift. Mr. Shirley S. Leonard of Jericho, Long Island, has presented a valuable collection of legal materials to the Law Library.

Morgan gift. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Morgan have presented the first volume of an unusually rare edition of the works of Lucian, 1780—Thomas Francklin's translation into English from the Greek.

Nevins gift. Professor Allan Nevins (Hon. Litt.D., 1960) has added the corrected typescript of the revised version of his *The Gateway to History*, which was published in the Anchor series by Doubleday & Co. last year.

New York Public Library gift. Approximately twelve shelves of documents of the International Military Tribunal for the Far East have been received by the East Asian Library as a gift from the New York Public Library. An incomplete set of these documents now housed in the Law Library and consisting of 255 volumes

and 94 boxes of records of proceedings and exhibits is now to be transferred to the East Asian Library, and it is expected that the present gift will provide many of the missing parts, thus furnishing a nearly complete record for purposes of research.

Prentis-Murphy gifts. Mr. Edmund A. Prentis (E.M., 1906) and his sister, Mrs. Katharine Prentis Murphy, have again joined in adding beauty and interest to the decor of the Columbiana and King's College Rooms. Of unusual note on this occasion is a portrait of Chancellor James Kent (1763-1847), who was one of Columbia's most famous Law professors. The portrait is a pastel, 9½" x 7½", by the English artist, James Sharples (ca. 1751-1811).

Robbins gift. Mrs. Edward C. Robbins has presented to Columbi-ana a photograph of Columbia College as it was in 1852.

Rood gift. Through the good offices of Dr. George L. Stout, Director of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston, the papers of the late Roland Rood have come to Columbia University. Roland Rood (1863-1927) was an American painter who concerned himself with studies in the theory and practice of painting, with art criticism, composition and design, esthetics, and related subjects. Some of the results of these studies were published under the title, *Color and Light in Painting*, Columbia University Press, 1941. It had been Mrs. Rood's wish that her husband's papers be given to Columbia, and Dr. Stout has undertaken to fulfill that wish.

Trilling gift. Professor Lionel M. Trilling (A.B., 1925; A.M., 1926) has presented four items relating to the Robert Frost Memorial Service that was held at Amherst College on February 17, 1963. The items include a special printing of the news broadcast reporting the death of Frost by his friend, Louis M. Lyons;

a ten-page booklet with the order of the services and the text of the Frost poems that were read on that occasion by Mark Van Doren; a separate printing of "Meditation" by the Right Reverend Henry Wise Hobson and "Reflections" by Calvin H. Plimpton, President of Amherst College; and the special Robert Frost issue of *The Amherst Student* (February 18, 1963).

Vogeler gift. Dr. William J. Vogeler of Bronxville, a retired cardiologist, presented to the Medical Library an invaluable collection of 246 portraits of some of the great figures in medicine since Hippocrates, including an unequalled set of photographs, lithographs and etchings of doctors who have been concerned with the treatment of heart disease over the past 2500 years. Some of the people represented are William Harvey, Thomas Sydenham, John Hunter, William H. Welch, Louis Pasteur, Ambroise Paré, Valentine Mott, Noble W. Jones, and George McClellan.

These portraits will be used for instruction as well as for a rotating exhibit in the Conference Room when the new Medical Library is built. Dr. Vogeler has pledged a contribution to the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center Development Program for the installation of this Conference Room, which will be dedicated to the memory of Dr. Hugh Auchincloss, Sr. (M.D., 1905).

Warren gift. Dean William C. Warren has presented to the Law Library a collection of one hundred items.

Notable Purchases

In the past we have maintained the practice of reporting to readers of *Library Columns* our purchases of unusually rich research materials in each November issue. Recently it has occurred to some of us that this may result in too great a time lag, and accordingly we have decided to experiment with reporting such purchases on a more current basis.

Since the last report period, which ended on June 30, 1962,

a number of purchases of exceptional materials have been made. These fall readily into a few basic categories.

Manuscript Collections. Four major collections have been purchased. These include: fifteen letters from Nikola Tesla to Robert Underwood Johnson (Friends' Book Account); 78 letters to and from John Jay (Bancroft); 63 letters from Alexander Hamilton and others to the Baltimore Port authorities (Bancroft); and a large collection of the correspondence and papers of John Treat Irving (Bancroft).

Individual Manuscripts. Of individual manuscripts, including book manuscripts, letters, and documents, we have bought 25 items. Paramount must be a remarkable early 15th-century manuscript by William Heytesbury, *Regulae solvendi sophismata*. This codex of 56 leaves, closely written in a cursive gothic script, also contains Gaetano di Thiene's *Recollectae* on Heytesbury's *Regulae*, as well as *Consequentiae* by Ralph Strode—one of the two works by him that have survived (Smith fund).

Other outstanding individual manuscripts include Gabutius de Montalbodio's "Epistolae" in Latin verse, and a sheaf of genealogical notes on various members of his family, both manuscripts having been written in the 16th century (Friends' Book Account), Giovanni Domenico Cassini's *Des Longitudes et Latitudes*, late 17th century (Smith fund); a volume of renaissance poetry by Antonio degli Alberti, 15th century (Special Collections fund); a manuscript document on vellum signed by Angelus de Clavasio, 1478 (Friends' Book Account); a French mathematical treatise, *Geometrie universelle*, 1676 (Smith fund); a diary of Revolutionary War days kept by Jonas Clark, grandfather of Professor Donald Lemen Clark (Bancroft); and a wide variety of letters and documents by such notables as Noah Webster, Fanny Kemble, Brander Matthews, and many others.

Printed Book Collections. Two such collections, each representing the scarcer works of a particular author, were acquired by means of the Bancroft Endowment. One comprises first and important editions (12 items) by Charles Brockden Brown, the first American novelist "to make authorship his principal profession" (D.A.B.), including: *Ormond*, 1799; the rare second part of *Arthur Mervyn*, 1801; *Edgar Huntly*, 1801; and *A System of General Geography* [1809]. The other collection consists of seven publications by Julia A. Moore, "the Sweet Singer of Michigan," including the first edition of *The Sentimental Song Book*, 1876 (together with several later printings), a pristine copy of her *A Few Choice Words to the Public . . .*, 1878 (which contains her famous preface: "Kind Friends:—All of you which peruse my works will find a great many thing in this book to please you, especially the words I have took the time to say to the public. . ."), and her single prose publication, *Sunshine and Shadow, or Paul Burton's Surprise* [1915].

Fifteenth-Century Printed Books. Four incunabula have been purchased by means of the Lodge fund. They include three works by Cicero (*De Officiis*, Venice, 1500; *Epistolae ad familiares*, Venice, 1483/4; and *Rhetorica*, Venice, 1483), and the Venice, 1496, edition of *Codex Justinianus*. Recourse to the Friends' Book Account enabled us to purchase Jacobus de Voragine's *De tempore, Quadragesimales et Mariale*, Venice, 1497. Insofar as available records showed, none of these editions was to be found in the New York area before our copies were acquired.

Other Early Printed Books. Ten notable volumes of the 16th and 17th centuries have been added by purchase, of which the following deserve special mention:

1. Plutarch. *Parallel Lives* in Greek. Venice, Aldus, 1519. A

beautiful copy of this most important edition in a fine early 18th-century binding by the English bookbinder, John Brindley. (Lodge fund.)

2. Plutarch. *Parallel Lives* in French. Paris, Michel Vascosan, 1559. This is the first edition of the famous rendering by Jacques Amyot, which had such great influence on Sir Thomas North, whose translation into Elizabethan English (1579) served as a source for Shakespeare. (Lodge fund.)

3. Ludolphus de Saxonia. *Vita di . . . Jesu Christi*, Lyon, Jacobus Myt, 1519. A rare edition of one of the Carthusian masterworks of 14th-century mysticism. In a fine contemporary calf binding, blind stamped. (Friends' Book Account.)

4. Xenophon. *Opera*. Paris, Antoine Estienne, 1625. A noble folio, printed by the "Imprimeur du Roi," who had the privilege of using the "Royal Greek Types" designed by Garamond nearly a hundred years before. The binding is especially notable; it is of fine dark blue straight-grained morocco, by Roger Payne. The volume was formerly in the library of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes (1771-1823), whose collection contained a number of Payne bindings. (Lodge fund.)

Later Printed Books. Only a few of these can be described here. Notice should be taken, however, of the very rare work by Captain Philip Pittman, *The Present State of the European Settlements on the Mississippi*, London, 1770; it contains eight engraved maps, some folding, most of which bear the signature of the engraver, Thomas Kitchin. (Bancroft Endowment.)

Other works in this category are: F. A. Durivage's *Mike Martin* (1845); Richard Hovey's *The Laurel* (1889); and Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), all Bancroft purchases.

Modern Fine Books. Seven splendid examples of recent fine printing and illustration have been purchased by means of the Ulmann

Fund, of which by far the most notable is the seven-volume set of *Oeuvres Romanesque* by André Malraux, which has just been issued by the Imprimerie Nationale. The work is illustrated copiously throughout with brilliant colored lithographs by Walter Spitzer. As a dividend, the set includes an extra suite of the plates in a portfolio, suitable for exhibition.

PICTURE CREDITS

The photograph of Robert Frost and Mark Van Doren was supplied by the educational broadcasting station WGBH; the portrait of George Sand is from L. Vincent's *George Sand et le Berry* . . . (Paris, Librairie Ancienne Edouard Champion, 1919); the photograph of Casa Guidi has been reproduced from Lilian Whiting's *The Brownings* . . . (Boston, Little, Brown, and Company, 1911); the portrait of Mrs. Kinney is from a separate printed reproduction in the Edmund Clarence Stedman Collection in the Columbia Libraries; the portrait of Augustus St. Gaudens by Kenyon Cox has been reprinted by permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and the photographs of members of the Hamlin family have been reproduced from originals which were supplied by Miss Louise Hamlin of New York City.

Activities of the Friends

MEETINGS

Bancroft Awards Dinner

On Wednesday, April 24, approximately 340 members of our organization and their guests met for the culminating event of the academic year—the Bancroft Awards Dinner which was held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library. Mr. Hugh J. Kelly, Chairman of our association, presided.

During the program, President Grayson Kirk announced the winners of the prizes for the three books judged by the Bancroft Prize Jury to be the best published in 1962 in the fields of American History, American Diplomacy, and International Relations of the United States: *John Adams*, by Page Smith, *The Might of Nations: World Politics in Our Time*, by John G. Stoessinger, and *Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision*, by Roberta Wohlstetter. He presented a \$4,000 check to each of the authors who responded with short addresses. Mr. Kelly presented certificates to Mr. LeBaron Barker of Doubleday and Company, Incorporated, to Mr. Bennett Cerf of Random House, and to Mr. Leon E. Seltzer of the Stanford University Press, the publishers, respectively, of the three award-winning books. The principal speaker for the occasion was Dr. Henry S. Commager, Professor of History at Amherst College whose topic was "The Moral of the Collapse of the Confederacy."

The Bancroft Awards Dinner Committee was made up of Mrs. Francis Henry Lenygon, Chairman, and Mrs. Arthur C. Holden.

The prizes, which are provided by funds from the Bancroft Foundation, are among the richest available to historians. The Friends take pleasure in helping to enlarge public knowledge of these awards.

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